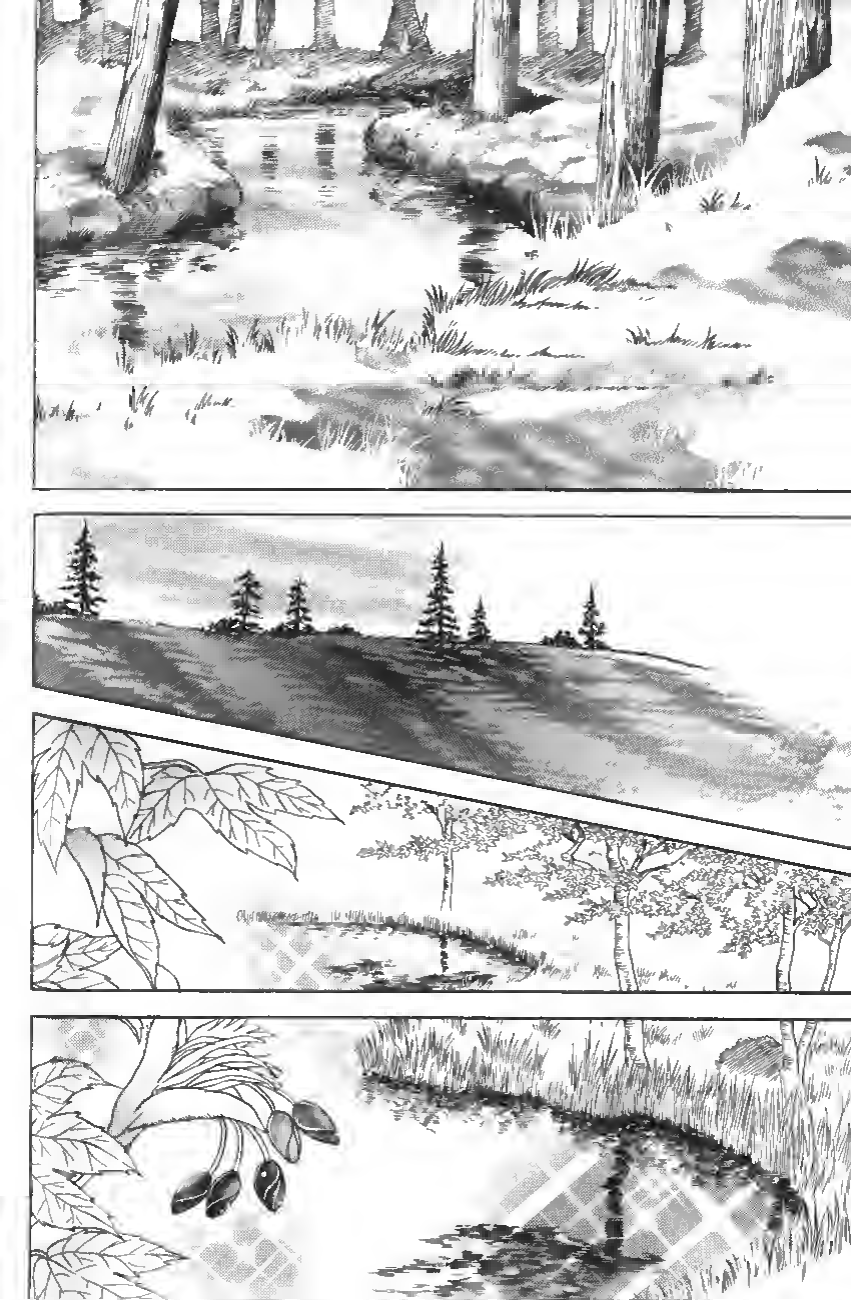
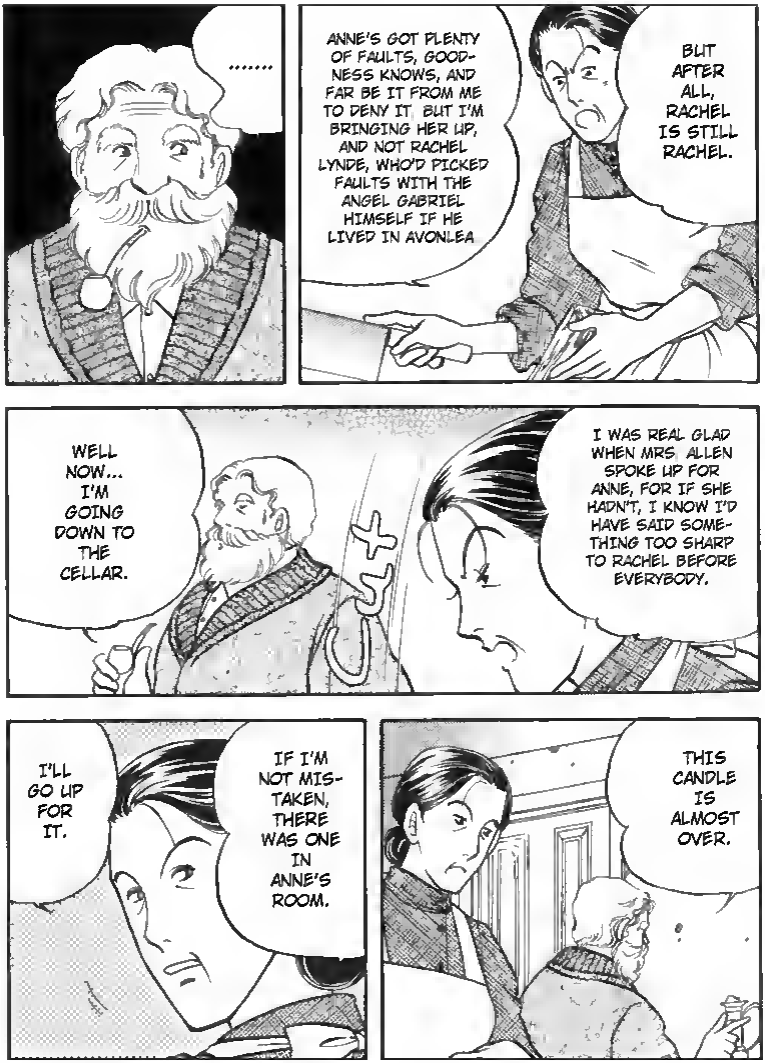
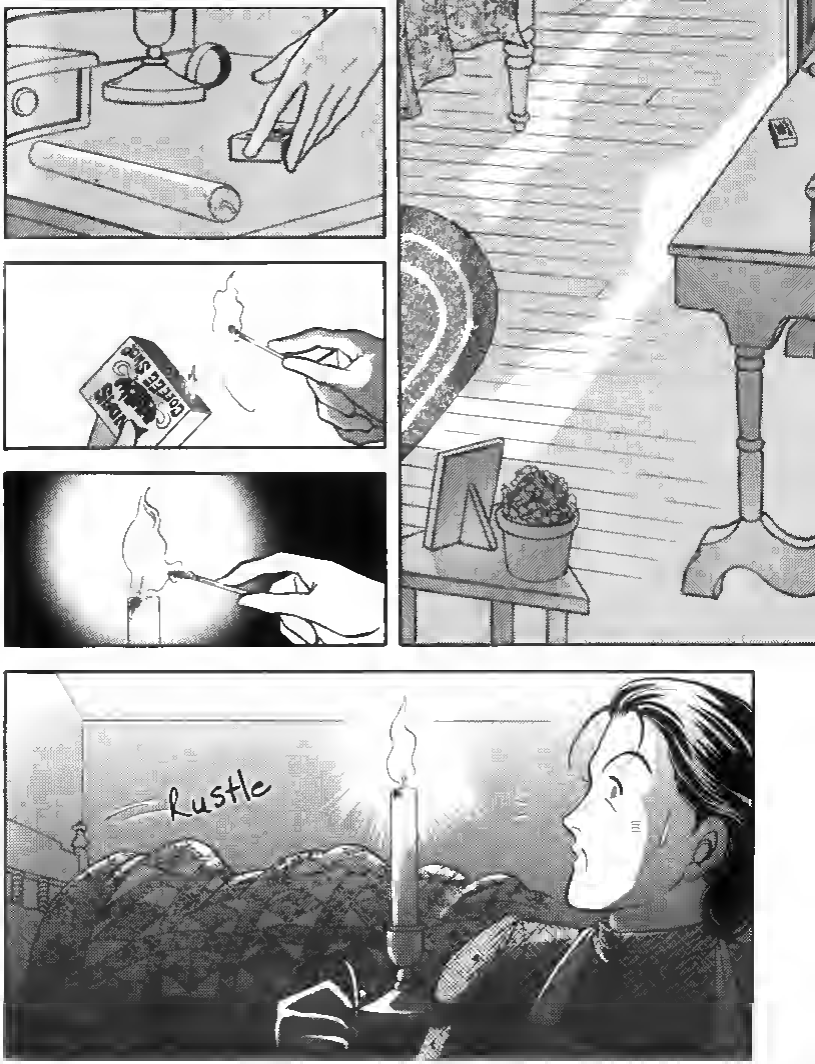


Creak
I'M BACK.
Silence
ANNE ?
AND I'VE TOLD HER TO BE SURE AND HAVE TEA READY BY FIVE O'CLOCK.
I WONDER WHERE SHE IS.

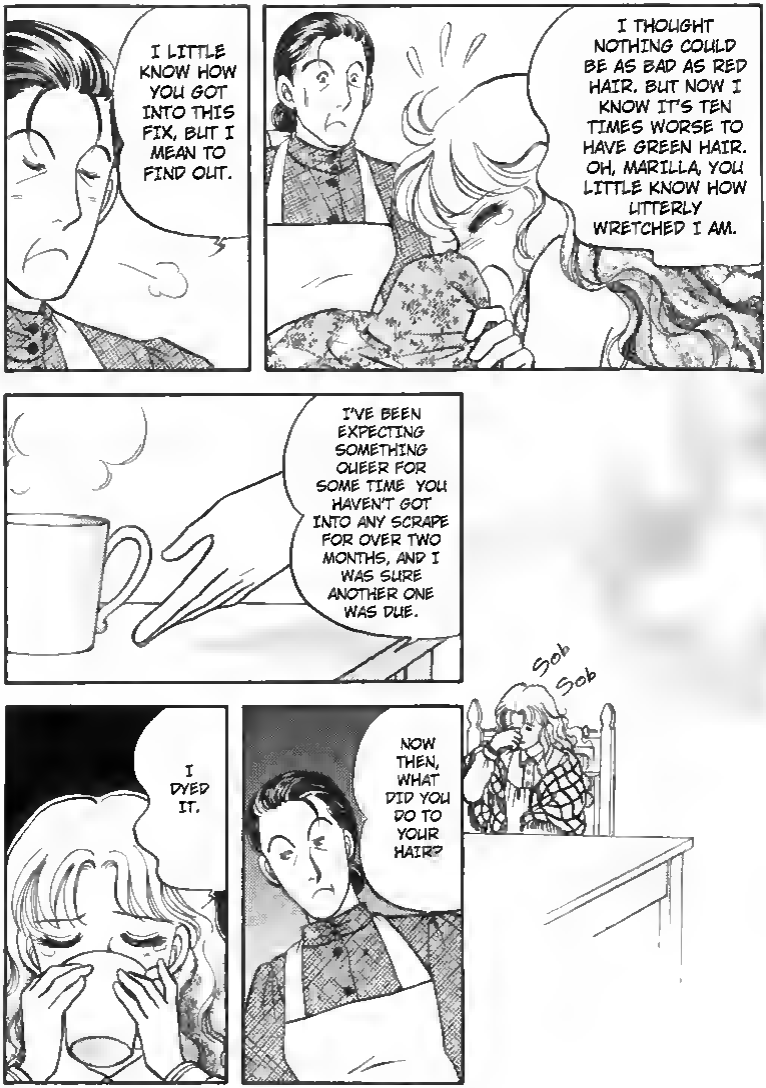
I'LL SETTLE MISS ANNE WHEN SHE COMES HOME!
I WONDER WHERE SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE.
INDEED.
BUT THERE! HERE I AM, SAYING THE VERY THING I WAS SO RILED WITH RACHEL LYNDE FOR SAYING AT THE AID TODAY.
WHEN SHE IS ABSTRACTED IN HER DREAMS, THE ENTIRE WORLD AROUND HER DISAPPEARS AND NOTHING MATTERS TO HER ANYMORE.


.....
ANNE'S GOT PLENTY OF FAULTS, GOODNESS KNOWS, AND FAR BE IT FROM ME TO DENY IT, BUT I'M BRINGING HER UP, AND NOT RACHEL LYNDE, WHO'D PICKED FAULTS WITH THE ANGEL GABRIEL HIMSELF IF HE LIVED IN AVONLEA
BUT AFTER ALL, RACHEL IS STILL RACHEL.
WELL NOW... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE CELLAR.
I WAS REAL GLAD WHEN MRS. ALLEN SPOKE UP FOR ANNE, FOR IF SHE HADN'T, I KNOW I'D HAVE SAID SOMETHING TOO SHARP TO RACHEL BEFORE EVERYBODY.
I'LL GO UP FOR IT.
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THERE WAS ONE IN ANNE'S ROOM.
THIS CANDLE IS ALMOST OVER.


Rustle

Rustle Rustle
NO.
HAVE YOU BEEN SLEEPING, ANNE?
MERCY ON US,
I'M IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR AND I DON'T CARE WHO GETS HEAD IN CLASS OR WRITES THE BEST COMPOSITION OR SINGS IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHOIR ANYMORE LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT ARE OF NO IMPORTANCE NOW BECAUSE I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO GO ANYWHERE AGAIN.
NO. BUT PLEASE MARILLA, GO AWAY AND DON'T LOOK AT ME.
ARE YOU SICK THEN?
GET RIGHT UP THIS MINUTE AND TELL ME! THIS MINUTE, I SAY. THERE NOW, WHAT IS IT?
ANNE SHIRLEY! WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
MY CAREER IS CLOSED. PLEASE, MARILLA, GO AWAY AND DON'T LOOK AT ME.
DID ANYONE EVER HEAR THE LIKE?

Sob
Sob
ANNE SHIRLEY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?
YES, IT'S GREEN.
.....
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT...

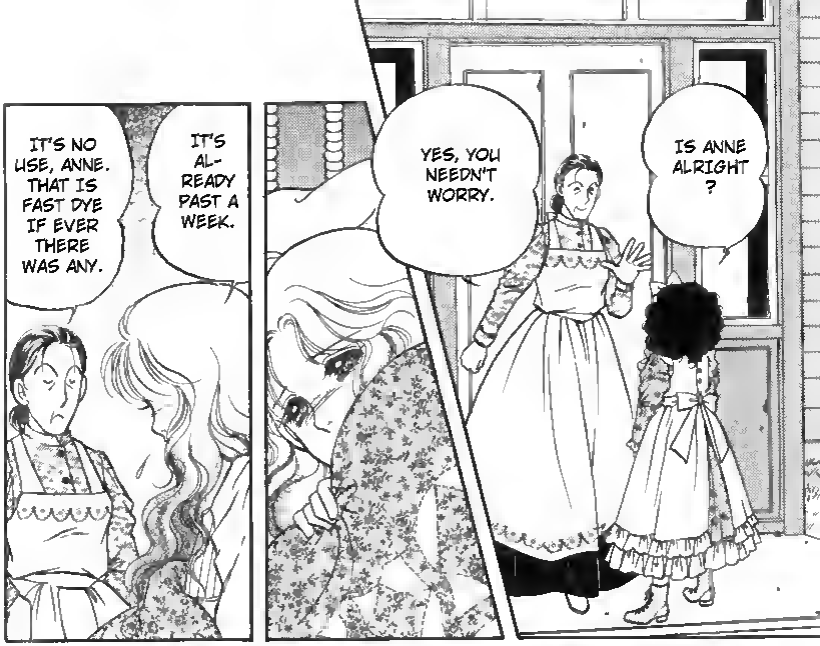

I LITTLE KNOW HOW YOU GOT INTO THIS FIX, BUT I MEAN TO FIND OUT.
I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD BE AS BAD AS RED HAIR. BUT NOW I KNOW IT'S TEN TIMES WORSE TO HAVE GREEN HAIR. OH, MARILLA, YOU LITTLE KNOW HOW LITTERLY WRETCHED I AM.
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING SOMETHING QUEER FOR SOME TIME YOU HAVEN'T GOT INTO ANY SCRAPE FOR OVER TWO MONTHS, AND I WAS SURE ANOTHER ONE WAS DUE.
Sob Sob
I DYED IT.
NOW THEN, WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOUR HAIR?

WELL, IF I'D DECIDED IT'S WORTHWHILE, I'D HAVE DYED IT A DECENT COLOUR AT LEAST. I WOULDN'T HAVE DYED IT GREEN.
YES, I KNEW IT WAS A LITTLE WICKED. BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH WHILE TO BE A LITTLE WICKED TO GET RID OF RED HAIR.
WELL, I'VE UNDER-STOOD THAT WHEN I SAW YOU...
WHO SAID ?
BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO DYE IT GREEN, MARILLA. HE SAID IT WOULD TURN MY HAIR A BEAUTIFUL RAVEN BLACK...
Sob
THE PEDDLER WHOM WAS HERE THIS AFTER-NOON. I BOUGHT THE DYE FROM HIM.
WHO TOLD YOU YOUR HAIR WOULD TURN BLACK?
MRS. ALLAN SAYS WE SHOULD NEVER SUSPECT ANYONE OF NOT TELLING US THE TRUTH UNLESS WE HAVE PROOF THAT THEY'RE NOT.

HAIR DYE
Dr. Lyell
BESIDES, HE WASN'T AN ITALIAN - HE WAS A GERMAN JEW.
HE HAD A BIG BOX FULL OF VERY INTERESTING THINGS. THEN ALL AT ONCE I SAW THE BOTTLE OF HAIR DYE.
ANNE SHIRLEY, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NEVER TO LET ANY OF THOSE ITALIANS IN THE HOUSE? I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGING THEM TO COME AROUND AT ALL.
OH, I DIDN'T LET HIM IN THE HOUSE I REMEMBERED WHAT YOU TOLD ME. AND I WENT OUT, CAREFULLY SHUT THE DOOR, AND LOOKED AT HIS THINGS ON THE STEPS.
THE PRICE WAS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS AND THE PEDDLER SAID THAT, SEEING IT WAS ME, HE'D SELL IT FOR FIFTY CENTS AND THAT WAS JUST GIVING IT AWAY.
SO I BOUGHT IT, AND AS SOON AS HE HAD GONE, I CAME UP HERE AND APPLIED IT WITH AN OLD HAIR-BRUSH AS THE DIRECTIONS SAID.
KYAA!

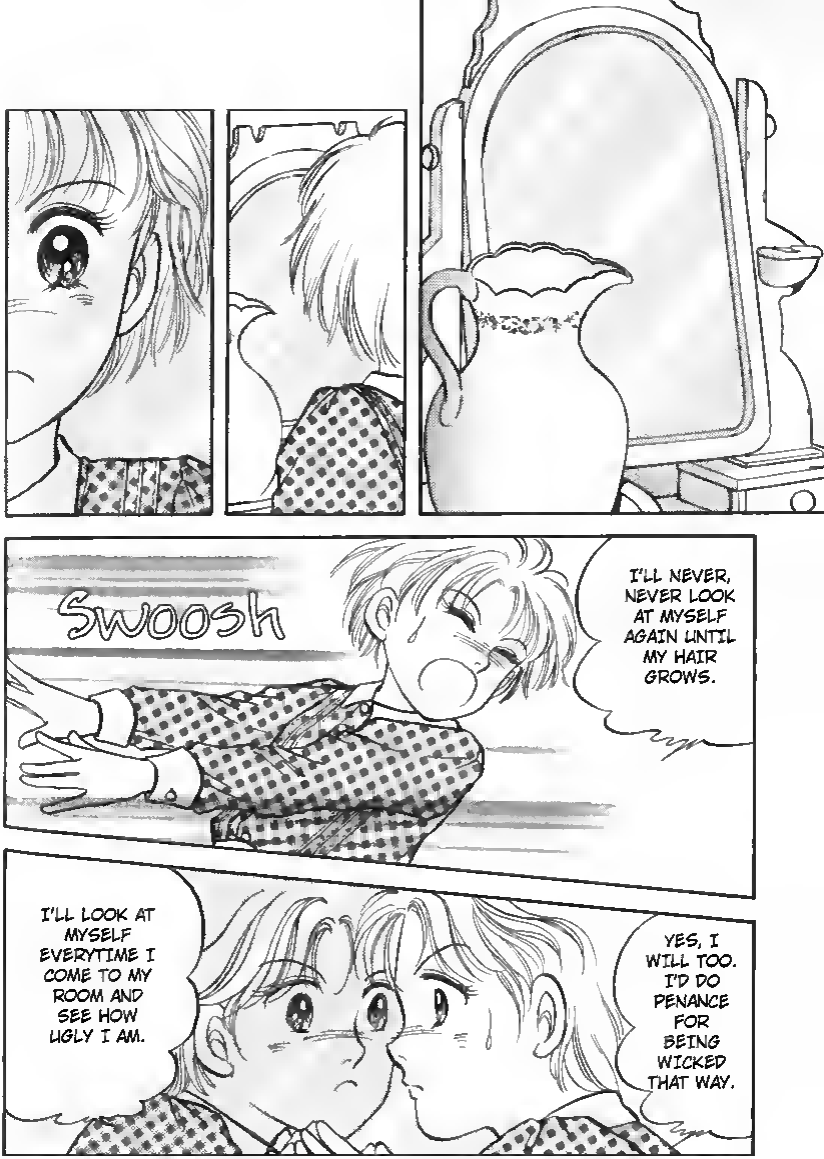
WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL REPENT TO GOOD PURPOSE AND THAT YOU'VE GOT YOUR EYES OPENED TO WHERE YOUR VANITY HAS LED YOU, ANNE.
I REALIZE IT.
MARILLA, UNTIL YOU CAME BACK, I'VE WASHED MY HAIR SO MANY TIMES BUT THE DYE DOESN'T WASH AWAY.
AND IT TURNED OUT THIS DREADFUL COLOUR.
AND OH, HOW JOSIE PYE WILL LAUGH! MARILLA, I CANNOT FACE JOSIE PYE. I AM THE UNHAPPIEST GIRL IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
ANNE...
I CAN NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN. PEOPLE HAVE PRETTY WELL FORGOTTEN MY OTHER MISTAKES - THE LINIMENT CAKE AND SETTING DIANA DRUNK AND FLYING INTO A TEMPER WITH MRS LYNDE
BUT THEY'LL NEVER FORGET THIS. THEY WILL THINK I AM NOT RESPECTABLE.
Sob
Sob

LET ME BE TORN APART, SHOULD I SPEAK!
PLEASE, PROMISE YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE UNDER ANY CIRCUM-STANCES.
NOTHING WILL BE HEARD FROM HERE.
MARILLA,
EVEN IF I SHOULD FAIL ALL THE EXAMS, I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL.
SHAAAA
A


IT'S NO USE, ANNE. THAT IS FAST DYE IF EVER THERE WAS ANY.
IT'S ALREADY PAST A WEEK.
YES, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY.
IS ANNE ALRIGHT ?

AFTER GETTING THROUGH THIS EXPERIENCE, YOU'LL THINK IT TWICE NEXT TIME.
PLEASE CUT IT OFF AT ONCE, MARILLA, AND HAVE IT OVER.

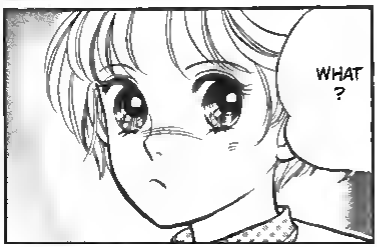
THE GIRLS IN BOOKS LOSE THEIR HAIR IN FEVERS OR SELL IT TO GET MONEY FOR SOME GOOD DEED, AND...
...I'M SURE I WOULDN'T MIND LOSING MY HAIR IN SOME SUCH FASHION HALF SO MUCH.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING COMFORTING IN HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT OFF BECAUSE YOU'VE DYED IT A DREADFUL COLOUR, IS THERE?
Sob
I'M GOING TO WEEP ALL THE TIME YOU'RE CUTTING IT OFF IT WON'T INTERFERE. IT SEEMS SUCH A TRAGIC THING
REALLY, YOU'RE A BUSTLING CHILD.
WAAAAA

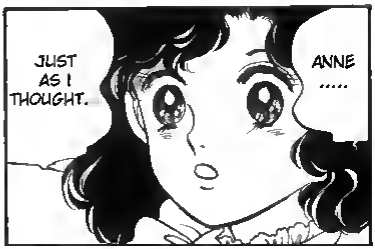

Swoosh
I'LL NEVER, NEVER LOOK AT MYSELF AGAIN UNTIL MY HAIR GROWS.
I'LL LOOK AT MYSELF EVERYTIME I COME TO MY ROOM AND SEE HOW UGLY I AM.
YES, I WILL TOO. I'D DO PENANCE FOR BEING WICKED THAT WAY.

I NEVER THOUGHT I WAS VAIN ABOUT MY HAIR, OF ALL THINGS, BUT NOW I KNOW I WAS, IN SPITE OF IT BEING RED...
AND I WON'T TRY TO IMAGINE IT AWAY, EITHER.
.....
....AND THICK AND CURLY.
...BEC-CAUSE IT WAS SO LONG...

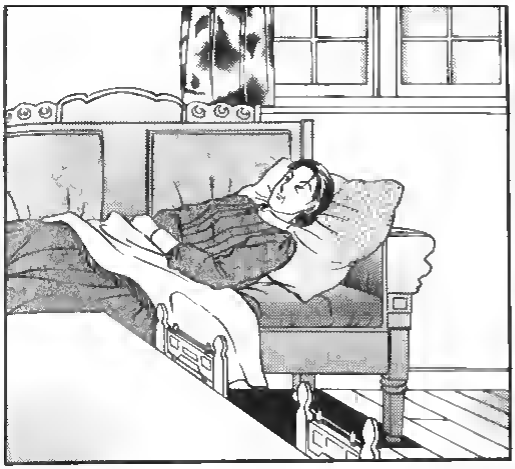
TAP
TAP
TAP

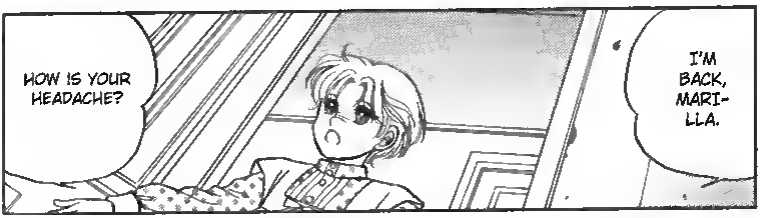
AVONLEA SC


WHAT ?

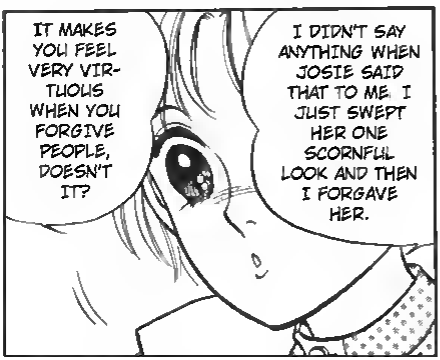

JUST AS I THOUGHT.
ANNE .....

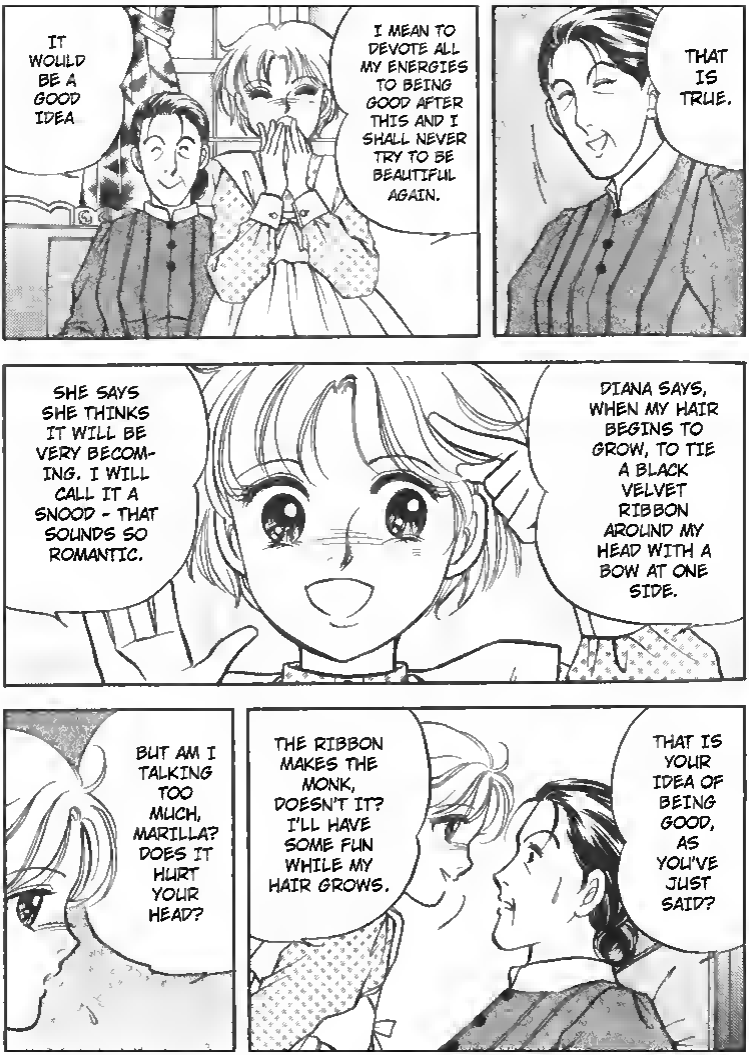
YOU HAD TO ....
DON'T SP-EAK A WORD ...
YOU LOOK LIKE A PERFECT SCARE-CROW!
.....




I'M BACK, MARILLA.
HOW IS YOUR HEADACHE?

IT'S THE SAME AS ALWAYS.
BETTER TELL ME HOW IT WAS AT SCHOOL.

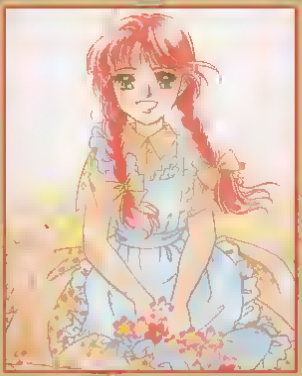

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING WHEN JOSIE SAID THAT TO ME. I JUST SWEPT HER ONE SCORNFUL LOOK AND THEN I FORGAVE HER.
IT MAKES YOU FEEL VERY VIRTUOUS WHEN YOU FORGIVE PEOPLE, DOESN'T IT?


IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA
I MEAN TO DEVOTE ALL MY ENERGIES TO BEING GOOD AFTER THIS AND I SHALL NEVER TRY TO BE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.
THAT IS TRUE.
SHE SAYS SHE THINKS IT WILL BE VERY BECOMING. I WILL CALL IT A SNOOD - THAT SOUNDS SO ROMANTIC.
DIANA SAYS, WHEN MY HAIR BEGINS TO GROW, TO TIE A BLACK VELVET RIBBON AROUND MY HEAD WITH A BOW AT ONE SIDE.
BUT AM I TALKING TOO MUCH, MARILLA? DOES IT HURT YOUR HEAD?
THE RIBBON MAKES THE MONK, DOESN'T IT? I'LL HAVE SOME FUN WHILE MY HAIR GROWS.
THAT IS YOUR IDEA OF BEING GOOD, AS YOU'VE JUST SAID?

AS FOR YOUR CHATTER, I DON'T KNOW THAT I MIND IT - I'VE GOT SO USED TO IT.
THEN IS IT ALRIGHT IF I GO ON CHATTER-ING FOR A WHILE?
MY HEAD IS BETTER NOW.

Anne of Green Gables

Volume 3 Chapter 2



Scanned by Nikkou

Translated by Vlad

Edited by Chrickk and Nikkou

Proofread by Chrickk

StageStorm
http://s211.invisionfree.com/StageStorm